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# The Sketch

No. 1133.—Vol. LXXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



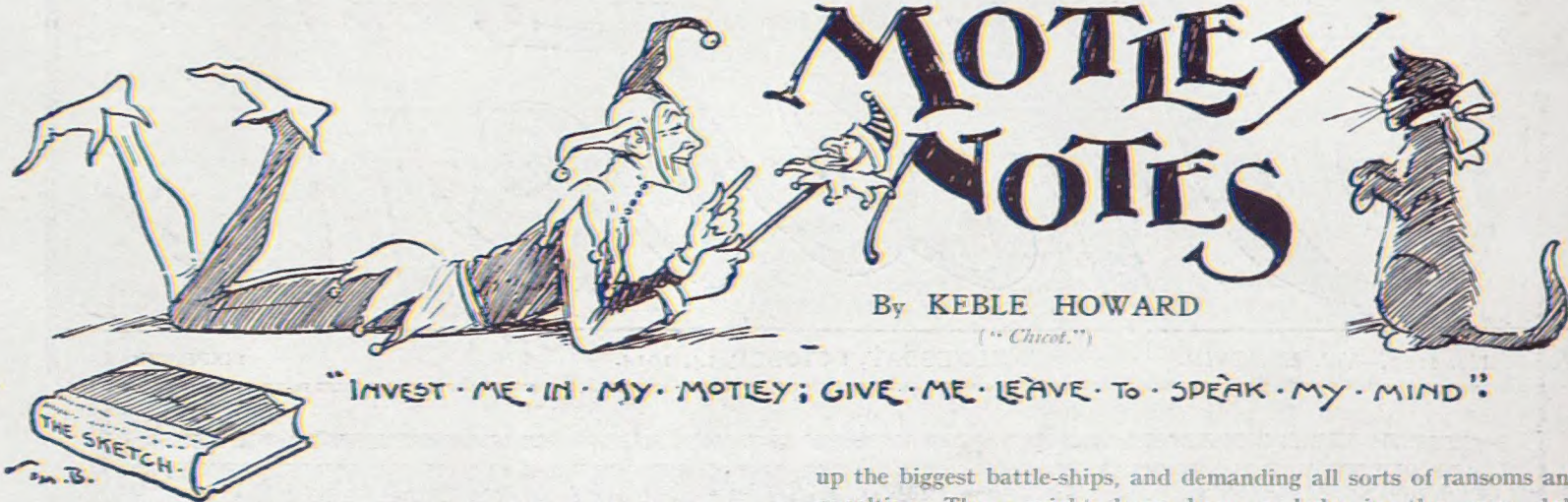
FLYING TWO SKULL-AND-CROSS-BONES FLAGS FROM HIS PERISCOPE! LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER MAX K. HORTON, OF THE SUBMARINE "E 9," NOW NICKNAMED "THE DOUBLE-TOOTHED PIRATE"!

On the night of October 7, the Secretary of the Admiralty authorised the statement: "Submarine 'E 9' (Lieutenant-Commander Max K. Horton) has returned safely after having torpedoed and sunk a German torpedo-boat-destroyer off the Ems River." Official statements do not tell the romance of such heroic incidents: how the "E 9" sighted a German cruiser, dived, then, coming to the surface, found that the German ship had disappeared; how she then sighted a destroyer, dived again and attacked, hitting the enemy amidships with her second

torpedo, leaving her a total wreck. The "E 9" returned to Harwich, we are told, flying two small unofficial, but honourable, skull-and-cross-bones flags—one for the "Hela," which she sank three weeks ago, the other for her latest splendid achievement. Lieutenant-Commander Horton, whom some have nicknamed "the double-toothed pirate," wears the Board of Trade silver medal for gallantry in saving life at the wreck of the "Delhi," with the late Duke of Fife, the Princess Royal, and their daughters aboard, in December 1911.

*Photograph by West and Son, Southsea.*





More Ginger,  
Gentlemen!

Some people seem to think that a certain section of the Press goes too far in printing stories of atrocities, and stories of desperate adventure, and stories of high romance. I do not agree. I hold that it does not go far enough. There is a timidity in the handling of such stories which argues a certain bloodlessness in the younger bloods of Fleet Street. I want to see them carrying these stories right through to a satisfactory finish.

For example, I have just been reading a splendid story of a German schoolmaster who was suddenly confronted with a class of small children who went on strike. The average age of the children, apparently, was about eight, but they all refused to pray in German because they were Poles.

"What?" savagely yelled the teacher——"

I omitted to state that "he was a man of extraordinary stature, wearing a thick red beard, with a full, sunspotted face and evil-looking, sharp-pointed teeth." That is fairly creditable. We may leave that.

"What?" savagely yelled the teacher, and the room resounded with the echo of a loud blow. The child reeled from the stroke, and the German seized the boy by the hair and started to inflict blow after blow, while his youthful victim unceasingly pleaded, 'I shall not and don't want to pray in German!'"

The German schoolmaster then went through the entire class, caning all the children across the face, which is presumably the German custom. At the very last, one little girl came forward and said, "You have forgotten to whip me," and so the German schoolmaster promptly put this matter right.

Rounding-Off  
the Tale.

This is a good blood-boiler as far as it goes, but the story should have been rounded-off for the sake of artistic completeness. For example——

"But the fiend was not to escape his due punishment. There was still one little lad of six who had escaped the attention of the barbarian by hiding under the very desk of the schoolmaster. This thoughtful child had provided himself, before leaving home, with a huge carving-knife. As the last cruel blow fell on the last upturned baby cheek, the gallant little hero crept from his ambush, and plunged the knife into the body of the bully with all his puny strength. The ruffian, with a groan, fell to the floor, whereupon the whole school dashed upon his prostrate figure, and stamped the life out of it with tiny Polish clogs."

I don't know if they wear clogs in Poland, but it is a good touch, and makes no difference, anyway. The main thing is to give the reader a sense of complete satisfaction. Take more pride in your work, gentlemen, and don't scamp the sequels.

A Submarine  
on the Loose.

Much more might have been done, again, with that glorious story of the Italian submarine on the loose. Why allow the naval authorities to

spoil the yarn by pointing out that the submarine had only a range of 1200 miles, and could not possibly reach the Adriatic? Any intelligent news-editor would have suppressed that wholly unnecessary piece of prose, and set his brightest young fellow to follow up the career of the submarine from day to day. The magazine writers would have had their noses put out of joint, but why lavish pity on such opulent people?

I can see that submarine turning up all over the world. I can see it penetrating into all sorts of dangerous waters, and holding

up the biggest battle-ships, and demanding all sorts of ransoms and penalties. There might have been a lady in the case—duly chaperoned—and a thrilling love-story. Kings and Emperors, carefully alluded to as "a Certain High Personage," should have figured in the story, and, if on the side of the enemy, should have appeared in various situations of a ludicrous and humiliating nature.

Yes, that little tale was full of splendid possibilities. But it was all spoilt by a prosaic message to the effect that the submarine had arrived at Bastia, Corsica, and would be returned by the French Government to Italy at once. Such are the bitter ironies of warfare! Such are the blows dealt by hard fact to enterprise!

Never Say  
Die!

But we must not be too despondent. Here is another opportunity, and an even better one.

"There is an extraordinary story to the effect that a rich man has acquired a submarine, and is collecting a volunteer crew at the docks. His intention is to cruise about in the Indian Ocean until he comes across the *Emden*, when there will be trouble."

Stout lad! You know, of course, who this "rich man" really is? Let me whisper his name in your ear, friend the reader. It is young Lord ——! Now, what do you think of that? With how much greater zest will you follow, from day to day, the adventures of this private submarine! Somebody may tell me that private gentlemen cannot purchase submarines—that submarines are made exclusively for the Navy, and that any naval contractor selling a submarine to a private person, even the rich Lord ——, would be court-martialled and shot. I refuse to listen to such dull nonsense. I refuse to be robbed of the story of the privateer submarine. I shall wait, with the greatest impatience, for the day when she meets the *Emden*, and gives chase, and holds her up, and lets her go again, and catches her again, and boards her, and tortures the captain and the crew, and finally sinks her with the crew ranged along her deck in blazing sacks! That is the sort of thing we want.

The Three-  
Handed Cossack.

The *Matin* understands. The *Matin* sets the pace with a great story of a three-handed Cossack! Imagine the awfulness of the creature! Here is the yarn as told by "an officer of Austrian Hussars captured in Galicia":

"Our cavalry advanced to the battle with ardour, but the Cossacks fell on us like a whirlwind. Hardly were we in touch when a Cossack dealt me three simultaneous blows with his lance, sabre, and fist. How he did it I don't know, but he did not even give me time to fall. He seized me by the collar, lifted me on to his horse, and carried me off. His comrades acted similarly, and a good number of our Hussars were thus taken prisoners."

The *Matin* does not explain that the Cossack was three-handed, which is a pity. However, we can easily decide for ourselves that a man who delivers three simultaneous blows with his lance, his sabre, and his fist must be three-handed, unless he carries his lance between his teeth, which is just possible for a Cossack, but not very likely.

It is cheerful to read, moreover, that his comrades acted similarly, which can only be taken to mean that all his comrades were three-handed. No doubt this was a three-handed regiment. Little do the poor Germans know, even at this time of day, what they are in for. A nation with a regiment of three-handed soldiers must have been preparing for war quite a while.



## WAR SNAPS.: WOUNDED; "GEORGIANS"; AND PROUD PARENTS.



IN A PRINCESS'S WAR HOSPITAL IN LONDON: CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS FROM THE BATTLE OF THE AISNE.



A RESULT OF THE CHANCELLOR'S CARDIFF SPEECH: SONS OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE AS WELSH FUSILIERS.

An admirably equipped hospital for wounded soldiers has been established in Jamaica Road, Bermondsey, by Princess Marie Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, second daughter of Princess Christian. Our illustration shows a number of the convalescent inmates taking an airing in the sunshine. They are wearing pyjama hospital suits. — The Chancellor of the Exchequer's sons, Mr. Richard Lloyd George and Mr. Gwilym Lloyd George, have both taken up commissions in the 6th Territorial Battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers (active service section), and have left London for their training-camp



FATHER AND MOTHER OF A LUCKY THIRD: THE FIRST LORD AND MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

at Northampton. They joined, it is said, immediately after their father's Cardiff recruiting speech. In the photograph the elder, Mr. R. Lloyd George, is on the right. Three sons of Mr. Asquith are stated to have volunteered for service at the front, and two are training with their regiments. — Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill have now three children, their second daughter having been born on Oct. 7 last. Their eldest child is a daughter, born in July 1909. The only son, Randolph Frederick Edward, was born in May 1911. Will the new daughter be called Winnie?

Photographs by C.N., Central Press, and G.P.U.



## WAR PICTURES: ANTWERP AT THE FALL; FRANCE.



SAVING THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF ANTWERP: TAKING A BABY ABOARD THE LAST TUG TO LEAVE.



THE SAUVE QUI PEUT AT BOMBARDED ANTWERP: A GREAT CROWD ON THE QUAY-SIDE IN AN ENDEAVOUR TO GET ABOARD REFUGEE TUGS.



SAVING THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF ANTWERP: TAKING AN OLD LADY ABOARD THE LAST TUG.



BAKED BEANS, WITH DEWAR'S AND PEAR'S SOAP, FOR THE GERMANS! ENGLISH MOTOR-BUSES, WITH THE USUAL ADVERTISEMENT LABELS IN BEING, IN USE BY THE ALLIES AT ANTWERP.



QUITE AT HOME IN FRANCE: LONDON SCOTTISH WITH SOME OF OUR ALLIES.



IN BLOUSES WHICH LOOK QUITE MILITARY: CANADIAN MILITARY NURSES.

The Germans gave some few hours' notice of their determination to bombard Antwerp. There was a great rush to get women and children and other non-combatants out of the city, and there were very remarkable scenes on the quays, especially when the last tug was about to leave.—Many of our old friends the London motor-buses are now with the Allies, carrying baggage and so on.—The London Scottish were

amongst the first Territorials to be sent abroad for active service, and are doing useful work in France.—With the Canadian Expeditionary Force are nurses from all parts of Canada. The tunic worn by these ladies is quite military-looking, has shoulder-straps, bright buttons, and a military belt. Our group shows typical Canadian Military Nurses in uniform.



## HOME AFTER THE GERMANS HAVE VISITED IT.



THE RETURN HOME! AFTER THE INVADERS HAVE BOMBARDED A FRENCH TOWN—AN EVERYDAY INCIDENT.

In a beautiful old-world town near Rheims, the shells of the German invaders have done terrible work. There was no magnificent cathedral, no ancient and dignified Hotel de Ville, to be destroyed. But the town itself suffered none the less, and the inhabitants, in many cases, returned after the bombardment to find houses wrecked,

mounds of débris on every side, charred and blistered doors, shattered stonework—a heap of ruins in place of the quiet homes which they had left. A cruel penalty, this, to inflict upon unoffending citizens, but an everyday incident in this pitiless war.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]



## OUR SUPPLEMENT.

WE give this week a Supplement which cannot fail to make wide appeal to the sympathies of every patriotic man and woman in the Empire. Britannia, in Mr. Balfour Ker's picture, is calling to her sons to defend her, and she is not calling in vain. We see the man in the fields, and we know that thousands such as he have heard the call, and, hearing, understood. Willingly they have left for fields where, it may be, the harvest reaped will be the harvest of death. But, whatsoever their fate, they have answered the call, and their names will live upon the Roll of Honour.

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### TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

### AN ADMIRAL WITH THE NELSON TOUCH: "MILESTONES" MEMORIES.\*

#### A Follower of Great Traditions.

Lord Charles Beresford—or someone for him—has chosen just the right moment for the publication of his Memoirs. Now is the day on which the gallant spirit of the famous Admiral is animating many a Briton who, until his country called him to fight for the freedom of Europe, had no idea of handling sword or rifle; now is the day on which none can fail to recognise what most have realised for many a year, that Lord Charles has been an invaluable asset to the nation, not only as active officer, but as a Member of Parliament who knew not Party Politics and was not afraid to speak his mind, however much his opinions might be out of tune with those of the powers in possession. It was to be expected that Lord Charles would have a thoroughly "bull-doggy" career, a life of pluck and pertinacity. Even his birthplace, to say nothing of his ancestry, argued that this would be so. "The family home of the five brothers was Curraghmore, a noble estate lying some twelve miles west of Waterford. The great house stands in a cup of the hills, whose slopes are clothed with woods of oak, the primæval forest of Ireland. The oak woods adjoining the house were planted with the design of supplying timber to the Royal Navy." Add to this a line or two from Mr. L. Cope Cornford's valuable and illuminating notes to the volumes: "This is the virtue of ancient lineage: that from generation to generation an honourable tradition of service, of peculiar obligation, gathers reinforcement. Every scion of the house is judged by the stern company of his forefathers." That is the secret of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford. He has followed a tradition of distinction.

#### Strange Discipline and "Red-Hot" Gunnery.

Lord Charles has had notable chances of which he has made the most. He has served in ships of three periods—sail, and sail and steam, and the present—wood, iron, steel. And there has been nothing of the "Milestones" touch in him. He has known how to progress. A determination to be thorough accounts for this. He has never been content to give orders without being able to carry out those orders himself: for instance, he is an expert sail-maker! He saw the Navy for the first time in 1858, when he was twelve, and he joined it, as a cadet, in December 1859, going to sea in March 1861, when he was appointed naval cadet in the *Marlborough*, the ship of his happiest memories, although when he went aboard he heard the boatswain's mate say to the quartermaster: "That white-faced little beggar ain't long for this world, Dick." Things then were not what they are now: discipline was very different—because "in the sailing days—it was of the first importance that the seaman should be capable of independent action. . . . If a seaman of the old days noticed anything wrong aloft he would run up to put it right, without waiting for orders. Life and death often hung upon his promptitude and resource. In the old days, we would often hear such a conversation as the following: Officer 'Why the blank dash didn't you blank well do so-and-so when I told you?' Man: 'Why didn't I? Because if I had I should have been blank well killed, and so would you.'" After all, that was a good school. Steam, by the way, was not popular then. "The order to raise steam cast a gloom over the entire ship. The chief engineer laboured under considerable difficulties. He was constantly summoned on deck to be forcibly condemned for 'making too much smoke.'" But gunnery was looked after! "The greater number of the guns in the *Marlborough* were the same as those used in the time of Nelson. . . . The *Marlborough* was fitted with a cupola for heating round-shot, which were carried red-hot to the gun in an iron bucket."

#### The Admiral Who Stole a Propeller; and Old Japan.

There was great pride in the ship, need it be said. "As we were kept very short of stores, writes Lord Charles, 'stealing in the Service from the Service for the Service used to be a virtue. There was once an Admiral who stole a whole ship's propeller in order to melt the brass from it; and it was another Admiral who boasted to me of his brother-officer's achievement.'" And remember that "the naval cadets who, like Lord Charles Beresford, entered the Service in the mid-nineteenth century were taught their business by the men who had served with Nelson." When Lord Charles himself first visited Japan, "it was the old Japan that he saw; . . . the Japan of the Samurai, the two-sworded rufflers; of the Ronins, the masterless men, the outlaws, who roved the country in bands, patriotic, ferocious and pitiless. It was still the Japan in which the common people, men and women and maidens, walked naked and unashamed; in which the warriors went to battle clad in armour wrought of tortoiseshell and silk, girt with swords and carrying bows and arrows; in which the life of a barbarian was never safe from hour to hour." What changes in one man's life-time!—We could quote hundreds of pages, but must cry "halt" after having referred to less than a section of them! There are five hundred and sixty-seven pages of Lord Charles' memoirs, and every one calls for reading and re-reading. The Memoirs, indeed, are the best published for many a day.

\* "The Memoirs of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford," (Two vols.; Methuen; 30s. net.)





### THE KAISER IN CARICATURE: THE MARSHAL'S BÂTON: "LE LOR' MAIRE."

#### Caricatures of the Kaiser.

No doubt plenty of people are doing it, and never was there such an opportunity of making a collection of caricatures concerning any special subject as now presents itself of bringing together the war caricatures regarding the Kaiser published in half the countries of Europe. The German Emperor is twitted even more freely than Napoleon Bonaparte was when he was at war with three-quarters of Europe. "Mr. Punch" has at least one picture of him weekly, and most of our weekly illustrated papers cast a stone at him every Wednesday and Saturday. The French, perhaps, get more hate into their caricatures of the Kaiser than we do; while the Russians, secure in the immensity of their territories and of their armies, picture him as a mannikin chastised by a gigantic Russian peasant. Italy does not spare him; and when in due time the Japanese papers reach England, we shall find that the children of the Land of the Rising Sun have some novel ideas in caricature regarding him.

#### French Matches.

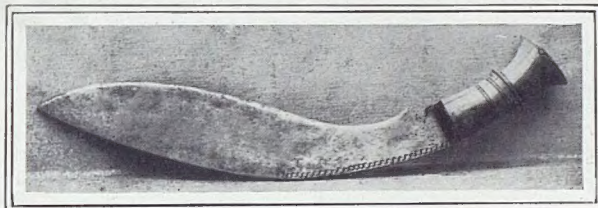
The supreme proof that our Entente Cordiale with the French has been knitted closer by the war in which the two countries are Allies is given by the French permission to pass English matches free of duty into French territory for the use of the British troops in the field. A French match, as most Englishmen know to their cost, is a horrid little thing which strikes with difficulty, and which gives out a most unpleasant smell of sulphur when it has been lighted. Probably in the damp trenches it never lights at all; but the making of these matches and their sale is one of the most cherished French monopolies, and woe to the Englishman who is found on arrival at a French port to have a large box of British wax vestas in his baggage! He loses the matches and pays a fine, feels himself to be a criminal, and very likely loses his train. The King has sent a present of safety-matches to the troops at the front, and no doubt his example has already been followed by many other Britons. Our Government, through the Press Bureau, emphasises the necessity of sending safety-matches and not ordinary matches, for the packages will probably get rough handling on their way to the front.

#### Maréchal de France.

The rank of Maréchal de France has been revived by the Republican Government, and probably before these lines are in print four of the French Generals in high command—the names mentioned are those of Generals Joffre, Pau, Gallieni, and Castelnau—will have been given this coveted distinction. The title was abolished after the war of 1870 as being inconsistent with Republican simplicity, though the Marshals then existing retained their title, and Maréchal MacMahon was one of the Presidents of the Republic. François I. was the French monarch who invented the rank, and 324 French

Generals have held it, the last General to be raised to this rank being Maréchal Leboeuf. No doubt, it has seemed inconsistent to the French Government that the British troops in France are commanded by a Field-Marshal, while the French supreme command has been held by a General. The bâton is the sign of authority carried by a Marshal, and the old Napoleonic saying that "every conscript carries the bâton of a Field-Marshal in his knapsack" will now be revived in the French Army.

**Football in the Field.** Our soldiers in France have kicked about a football in their leisure moments, and this has impressed their French comrades, who wonder at the Briton's love of sport. Such football as there has been, however, has not been anywhere near the trenches, as some papers have said, but has been played in the village squares or in the fields by the men who form the reserve of the armies far behind the fighting line, and out of the reach of even the heaviest artillery the enemy possesses. When an army is entrenched, as our armies in France are, the men actually in the fighting line are only a portion of the force, for behind them are the supports, who come to the assistance of the fighting line when it is attacked, and behind them again are massed troops held in reserve to be directed



THE INDIAN WEAPON WHICH HAS MOST IMPRESSED THE FRENCH SOLDIER: A GURKHA KUKRI.

What most interested the French soldiers at Marseilles when the Indians landed was the kukri, the native knife of the Gurkhas. Unable to explain its use in words, the little Gurkha did so by means of vivid dramatic action.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

by the commander of the army towards any point where a particularly violent attack is being made by the enemy, or to be used for a counter-attack on our side. These are the men who have kicked about the footballs, and I warrant that the little boys of the village joined in too, for though most of the French soldiers belong to a generation that did not play football, it is becoming a popular game all over France: all the youngsters enjoy it, and every little town has its football team with a tremendously high-sounding name.

#### The Lord Mayor's Banquet.

The Lord Mayor's Banquet is to be held as usual in the Guildhall on Nov. 9, and it is quite right that it should be so. Had the banquet been one of those gluttonous feasts of a hundred years ago, I should have thought it wrong that statesmen and soldiers, divines and aldermen, should guzzle while our soldiers ate biscuit and bully-beef in the trenches; but a Lord Mayor's dinner of to-day is a comparatively simple feast, with certain distinctive dishes in it, and it is not for the eating or for the



WITH THEIR TARTAN TREWS CUT DOWN TO SHORTS: HIGHLANDERS OF THE INDIAN ARMY SENT TO FRANCE.

When the Indians arrived in France, it was seen that shorts were much worn by the troops, including some of the Highland regiments, who have had their Tartan trousers cut down. It was stated later that those Indian uniforms which were too light for an autumn campaign in Europe had been exchanged for the warmer British clothing.

drinking that distinguished men go nowadays to dine at the Guildhall, but to hear what statesmen of note have to say on the subjects of the day. Mr. Asquith has, I read, promised to be present at the banquet, and any statement of the Prime Minister on a great occasion at the present time is looked forward to with the utmost eagerness.



CAN IT BE THAT THEY PERFORM A GOOD DEED EVERY DAY—



#### THE VERY MILITANT GERMAN COPY OF "B.P.'s" DISCIPLES: GERMAN BOY SCOUT

The Boy Scout movement has been put to the test during the war, and has proved very useful and efficient. The British Boy Scouts, brought into being by General Baden-Powell, have been recognised by the Government as a non-military public body, in view of the many services rendered by them to the War Office and the police. Only a few days ago a war-service badge was instituted for them. The Belgian Boy Scouts have also been doing excellent work during the war as despatch-riders, Red Cross orderlies, and subscription-collectors, patrols assisting the police, and in other capacities.



## FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS! GERMAN BOY SCOUTS.

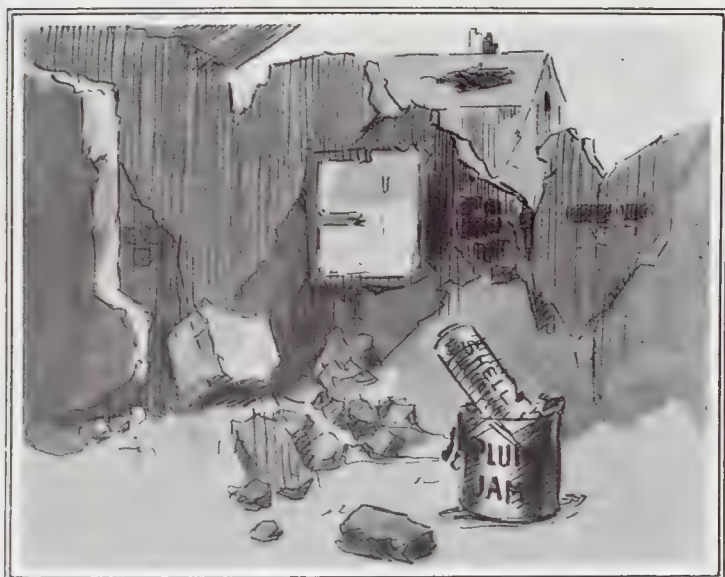


## WITH ARMS, UNIFORMS, AND COLOURS MODELLED ON THE GERMAN ARMY.

Here we give some interesting photographs of the Ostfriesland Company of German Boy Scouts, who, it will be seen, are of a much more militant type than the followers of "B.-P." The photographer states that the German Scouts are taking an active part in the operations in Belgium, chiefly as despatch-carriers—as which, he says, they have proved very useful. They wear khaki shirts, "shorts," and felt hats of "Colonial" design, and are equipped with field-glasses and memorandum-books.—[Photographs by Topical.]



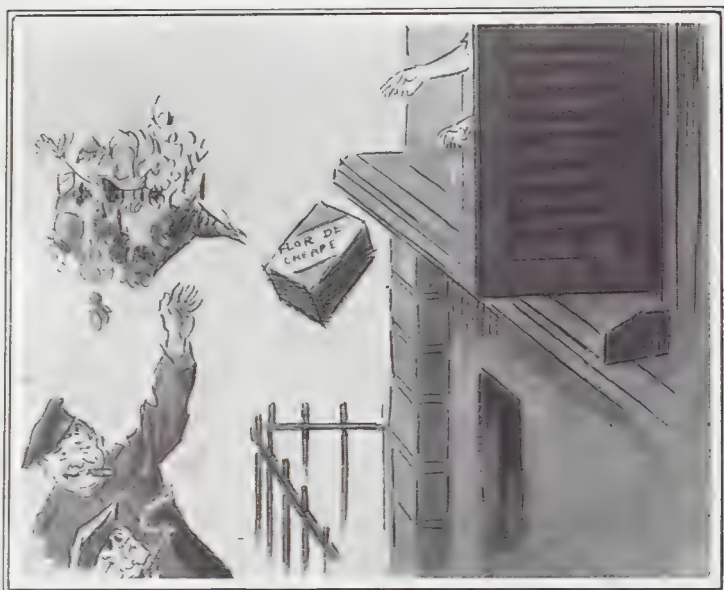
# MOST INTELLIGENT WAR - PICTURES: REAL LIVE "STUFF."



THE ATTACK ON ANTWERP: EFFECTS OF SHELL - FIRE.  
*Photograph by Our Special War Photographer at the front(yard).*



THE WAR IN PRUSSIA: STRIKING PICTURE OF WAR AEROPLANE  
DROPPING BOMBS ON PARIS.



THE BATTLE OF CHARLEROI: TOMMIES RECEIVING PRESENTS OF  
FLOWERS AND CIGARS FROM LADIES AT RHEIMS, SOME LITTLE  
DISTANCE FROM CHARLEROI.



THE FIGHTING AT MONS: PHOTOGRAPH OF AN OLD WOMAN WHO  
ESCAPED FROM A VILLAGE ON THE SUSSEX COAST, SOME KILOMETRES  
NORTH OF MONS.



THE FLEET IN ACTION AT HELIGOLAND: STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH  
OF MINE - SWEEPING OFF THE ANGLESEY COAST.



THE BATTLE OF THE AISNE: REALISTIC PICTURE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST  
IN LONDON, WHO USED FIELD - GLASSES.

WITH CAMERA AND PENCIL AT THE (THIRD FLOOR) FRONT: ILLUSTRATIONS PRODUCED (AS CORRESPONDENTS SAY)  
"IN CIRCUMSTANCES OF CONSIDERABLE DANGER."

DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR GILL.



EXCHANGING BROADSIDES.



THE TALL ONE: 'Ulloa, old Submarine!

THE SHORT ONE: Wot cheer, me old Hydroplane!

DRAWN BY DUDLEY BUXTON.





## M. RAYMOND POINCARÉ.

M. RAYMOND POINCARÉ was born at Bar-le-Duc, a place known to most English people only as a station where a night express from Paris pauses among white arc-lamps and black shadows. It is in the centre of that district which seems to be always awake; at dawn, when the sleepy passer-by looks from the train window, he sees lights in the houses and dark figures on the roads. Be it ever so early, groups of people wait at the level crossings to be allowed to pass; industry is the keynote of Lorraine, and every inch of the landscape shows signs of the wear-and-tear of a busy population. For the time being, however, it shows the wear-and-tear of soldiery. The house of M. Poincaré's parents has been occupied by the Germans, and German shells have dug holes all over M. Poincaré's own acres.

**The Conscript.** The Poincaré estates are considerable, and, with the industry and thoroughness that are characteristic of his own people, M. le Président has made the most of them. He is learned in the deep and difficult cult of the vine, and his cellars are judiciously furnished. While his studies in Paris were mostly given to stocks and shares and international finance, he has shown, at home and as a holiday-maker, the practical Frenchman's close acquaintanceship with crops and the salad-field. But M. Poincaré, when trouble comes and the troops of a hostile army tread down his vegetables and kill his chickens, has the consolation of a very thorough military training. He knows the strategic points of his own countryside, and is able to count the hours that must pass till the day of deliverance. The average English squire, faced by a multitudinous horde of invaders, would gladly die on his lawn in the belief that the world had gone to the devil. The French view is more philosophic: M. Poincaré did not learn his history and do his military service at Nancy for nothing. And even as Premier he necessarily keeps abreast with modern notions

of soldiering, and is the master of his country's plan of campaign. Mr. Asquith may or may not know the ins-and-outs of Joffre's and Kitchener's strategy (it would be surprising if he did); M. Poincaré, on the other hand, is kept studiously informed. When he visits the fighting lines he will not, of course, take any part in the direction of the movement of the Allies' troops, but he might do so if he cared to exercise the powers that go with his office. As President, he ranks as the "chef agissant de sa personne," or the personally responsible and supreme director of the army. Nor should we forget his other powers as the head of belligerent France. The Presi-



WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC:  
MME. POINCARÉ.

Photograph by Electra.

dent of the French Republic, under the constitution as it then stood and now stands, concluded the Treaty of Berlin without the ratification of Parliament.

**The Young Lawyer.** M. Poincaré kept his fifty-fourth birthday since the declaration of war. His boyhood was spent in and out of Bar-le-Duc, where he went to school; and he learned to shoot straight and dig trenches in the same district. As is the case with so many members of our own Cabinet, M. Poincaré's profession is the law. In the law courts his cases were for a long time of one kind; a leaning towards literature and art directed the trend of his legal studies, and his clients, when

he had the choosing, were most often poets and painters. Among his contributions to pseudo-legal literature is "Causes Littéraires et Artistiques"—a book that could never have been written in England. Our Courts knew only one Whistler; M. Poincaré has had a whole choir of Whistlers through his hands, and has mastered the gentle art of making and keeping friends even among famous professors of the artistic temperament.

## The Stylist.

"Our dear friend Goncourt founded the Academy, but Poincaré has breathed life into it," said Alphonse Daudet at a time when the future President was giving all his attention to the nice use of words. Perhaps the attention he gave was too assiduous; his speeches ran so smoothly that they were sometimes in danger of being ineffective: they lacked the jar and jolt of certain famous oratorical efforts made by our own Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord. Midnight oil made them run without effort; they were always written beforehand and learned by heart, and his prose style was equally elaborate and finished, even to the point of monotony.

## The Silent Member.

The beginning of his political career began in 1887, but for three years M. Poincaré was a silent member. He was deeply engaged in figures. His first speech in the Chamber was a defence of the Budget of M. Rouvier, and it is recorded that he at once impressed his hearers by the skill with which he dealt with intricate money questions. It is undoubted that M. Poincaré's ability as a financier has been one of the main reasons for his high reputation as a statesman; and since modern wars are fought with minted bullet as much as with shrapnel, it follows that the right man is at the head of the French Republic. For all their differences of technique, M. Poincaré and Mr. Lloyd George have many characteristics in common, and this despite the theory that the President's chief quality is moderation.

## Our Partner.

The three-years silence in the Chamber, and a settled quietness of manner which makes Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill appear, by contrast, as the children of uproar, would seem to mark M. Poincaré as an exception to the rule that goes to the making of a Frenchman and a Deputy. When he visited London not long ago he helped us to understand that even in matters of hand-shaking and health-drinking, as well as in the conduct of international policy, there may be the most complete accord between the two peoples. There is no need at the moment to inquire into the status of French politicians, nor to look too closely at the credentials which, in times of peace, do not always convince the thinking world of France that a republic is necessarily cared for by the greatest men of any given generation. M. Poincaré is known to us as the friendly President of a friendly Power. He is our partner in the greatest enterprise of any time, and we are content to join hands.



BRINGER OF SIX CAPTURED GERMAN FLAGS  
TO PARIS: PRESIDENT POINCARÉ.

After his visit to the French and British Headquarters and two of the French armies in the field the other day, M. Poincaré went on to Paris, taking with him six German flags which had been sent to Bordeaux. They have been placed in the Hôtel des Invalides. Apropos to German flags, it may be mentioned that one found by the French under a pile of dead in some German trenches was recently presented to Sir John French, as the British troops had been operating in that region, and had apparently not noticed the flag when they took the trenches.—[Photograph by Nadar.]



“CURIOS” FROM THE BATTLEFIELD: A STRANGE COLLECTION.



SOUVENIRS FROM THE TRENCH-ED FIELD : "SPOILS" FROM THE BATTLE OF THE AISNE.

Our readers should find little difficulty in identifying most of the items of martial bric-a-brac shown here. They have just been brought to England from places where our men for a month past have been fighting week in week out between Soissons and Rheims, along the valley of the Aisne. For example, among them at the top in the centre is

a German soldier's forage-cap, with to right and left at the sides two German officers' sword-knots. Three spent shell-cases are at the bottom—one in the centre and one at each side—besides fragments of burst shells and time-fuses; also Mauser rifle-clips, each holding five pointed bullets.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*



## Wedding-Rings for Legs and Arms: Ibo Brides and their "Hobbling" Jewellery.

By K. WIMBERLEY.

THE ring, as a token of affection and a symbol of eternity, has always been a popular present from man to maid. Among the Ibo tribe in Nigeria this idea is carried to such excess that the damsel is literally weighed down by these signs of her lord's approbation. In her case they encircle arms and legs, but not the fingers.

One ring is placed on her ankle at a very early age, as a sign of possession, when the first deposit of the purchase-money is paid, and the others are added later, until they reach to the knee. They are so heavy that the weight invariably deforms and flattens the foot, and the pressure causes serious sores and scars on the foot and ankle, though the natives say that legs which are accustomed to carry this heavy weight become very strong. They are not, apparently, supposed to interfere with graceful movements, as they are even worn by the local dancing-girls, who, with fan in hand, an umbrella to protect their best clothes, and a guardian of morals in the shape of a stern parent, will walk miles to join in the nautch. The dancing is not energetic, but spectacular, and it chiefly consists in posturing.

The Ibo bride is so far removed from modern thought that she likes her leg-irons, and displays these badges of servitude with great pride. The lady is frankly regarded as merchandise, the estimated value thereof coming, as a rule, somewhere between that of a horse and a cow. She is

purchased on the instalment system, the first payments being made by the parents of the bridegroom while she is yet an infant, but she is not handed over to her owner until the final instalment has been paid. Should she not

the dowry—if he can be caught. "She is won, we are gone," quotes this black Lochinvar as the pair migrate, if possible, to another part of the country.

The circular rings are not the only ones worn, and another popular form of anklet is the bam-bam. It is so called because it is supposed to make a noise like "bam-bam" as its wearer walks, or rather waddles, along the road. The bam-bam is a large metal plate welded on to the ankle, and quite surpasses the first form of ring in inconvenience. Walking can only be accomplished by an outward swing of the hips, and each leg does a complete semicircle to get only one step in front of the other. How the wearer sleeps has never been related, and in thinking of it the imagination fails. Probably rest is taken in much the same uneasy fashion as was the case with an old-time occupant of the stocks.

To see a woman walking with a load on her head, an infant on her back, and bam-bams on her legs is a grotesque sight, and quite a contrast to the usual very erect carriage of the native women.

Bam-bams are generally presented after marriage. They originated in the custom of putting such impediments on to slaves so that they might not be able to run away. This origin is now forgotten or ignored. Bam-bams are fashionable, even as the hobble-skirt came to be in this enlightened land not very long ago.



WITH LEG-RINGS, FAN, UMBRELLA, AND "A GUARDIAN OF MORALS IN THE SHAPE OF A STERN PARENT": IBO DANCING-GIRLS.

survive, a certain amount is deducted by the parents—who act as caretakers, so to speak, for her maintenance—and the rest is returned to the unlucky purchaser of such a bad bargain.

In places where the ladies have had the discretion to be few in numbers, there is great competition in the endeavours to obtain a wife, and, as their value is governed by the usual laws of supply and demand, it sometimes goes up to as much as twenty-five pounds each. This large amount may be a sop to the lady's vanity, but it makes no difference to her fate in life. No allowance is made for a possible preference on the part of the young woman. Should she show any, which is rare, her only alternative is to clope with the favoured suitor, who becomes liable for the amount of



THE BAM-BAM WALK: AN IBO WOMAN WEARING ANKLE-PLATES THAT CAUSE EACH LEG TO DO A COMPLETE SEMICIRCLE AT EVERY STEP.



ANKLE AND ARM RINGS AS A SIGN OF POSSESSION BY THEIR FUTURE HUSBANDS: IBO BRIDES-TO-BE PURCHASED ON THE INSTALMENT SYSTEM.



THEN!

NOW!



THEN!

NOW!

DRAWN BY G. S. SHERWOOD.





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

A YOUNG soldier, the son of a highly placed officer, who writes home of his sorrow about an abandoned pillow, is expressing a regret common to a good many of his fellows. When he starts out, the young campaigner likes to clear himself for action; the cushion that his mother presses into his valise is on his conscience, and he throws it out, with other creature-comforts, as soon as he is clear of the maternal eye. The compulsion of Army

orders is the only thing that makes the English soldier carry even the essential luggage, and, compared with most others, our Army is quite lightly rigged out, even when in heavy marching order. The Japanese takes the field much better provided than Tommy Atkins in the autumn season. In addition to his blue overcoat, he wears a thick brown cloak, and carries a red blanket, knapsack, haversack, water-bottle, entrenching tool, section of a *tente d'abri*, spare boots, straw sandals, small rice-basket, cooking-pot, as well as, of course, his rifle, ammunition-belts, pouches, and bayonet. "The British soldier," says one of our most observant Generals, "complains that he is being turned

when everybody was dreadfully anxious and correspondingly facetious about Ulster. Those who, like Lord Ribblesdale, were inclined to sneer at the Belfast warriors have now the opportunity of taking them in all seriousness. The picture drawn by Lord Ribblesdale of the gallant galloper was tinged with caricature; to-day its tone

would be wholly changed. Such are the amenities of warfare; and if the "W.O." (as "F. E." wrote it in the memorable note to a London editor) was ever inclined to resent the young lawyer's independence in tackling the work of the Censorship, it must feel that he has chosen quite the most admirable and dignified way of leaving it. The work of war itself must always be a grade higher than work in a branch of a War Office.

## A Cursory View of the War.

Little touches of human nature make most of the home-letters of our fighting men good reading, even if they deal in great part with the inevitable inhumanities of warfare. And little touches of human nature enliven the hard work

and relieve the tension at home. A distinguished Oxford scholar, armed with a commission, had presented himself at the proper quarter for the post of interpreter. "To which regiment do you want to be attached?" asked a high official in charge. The applicant named the cavalry regiment of his choice; but, after some little consultation and reference, it was found to be already provided, and a second choice also failed to draw a vacancy. By the time a regiment was found three other young men had been shown into the room. "Who are you?" asked the officer. "Interpreters; and please we want a regiment," they explained in chorus. "Oh, d—n this war!" the officer burst out. The next moment he was at his task again, and feeling all the better for his explosion.

## "Car and All."

One or two fortune-favoured Americans are having a fine time at the front. "Say, how do you get 'O.H.M.S.' on the brow of your car?" an envious American visitor to London asked of one of his compatriots the day war was declared. "Nothing easier," said the man of the lettered car. "Offer yourself and your car to the War Office." The offer was made and accepted, and a very famous General comman-

deered the car while he made his plans and mobilised his men. The owner of the car was his own chauffeur, and so useful and agreeable a one he was that the very famous General begged him to come, car and all, to the war.



ENGAGED TO LT. AUBREY GOODWIN, R.A.M.C., M.D.: MISS ELSA RUDHALL.

Miss Rudhall, whose engagement is announced, is the younger daughter of the late Mr. John P. Rudhall and Mrs. Rudhall, of 23, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MISS ELSA RUDHALL: LIEUT. AUBREY GOODWIN, R.A.M.C., M.D.

Dr. Aubrey Goodwin, whose engagement to Miss Elsa Rudhall is just announced, has received a commission as temporary Lieut. in the R.A.M.C.

Photograph by Swaine.



A PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPIST: LADY HARVEY, OF LANGLEY PARK.

The seat of Sir Robert Grenville Harvey has been transformed into a hospital by Lady Harvey, daughter of Viscount Elibank, and a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Photograph by Swaine.

into a Christmas-tree when half his equipment is given him to carry."

## Arms and the Young Man.

A sword makes the officer; it is by far the most important outward sign of his station and authority, though, for mere utility, his map and his revolver are probably more important. A scarcity of swords would, according to the average private's notion of things, mean a scarcity of officers. In the present crisis, however, we have the one without the other, and despite many offers of these ornamental

weapons from retired officers, several young men have got their commissions and orders for the front without being able to provide themselves in this particular. One subaltern, though the eve of departure had arrived, was found last week to be complete in everything but a suitable blade. "I will find one on the field," was the way he comforted himself; but it is doubtful if he really ventured to sail on the off-chance, or if his Colonel was content to let him pass on such terms.



TO MARRY MISS LISTER-WRIGHT: LIEUT.-COMMANDER HUBERT ARDILL, R.N., OF H.M.S. "BRITANNIA."

Lieut.-Commander Ardill is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Ardill, Oakbank, Ayr.

Photograph by Thomas E. Howe.



ENGAGED TO LIEUT.-COMMANDER HUBERT ARDILL, R.N., OF H.M.S. "BRITANNIA": MISS LISTER-WRIGHT.

Miss Cicely Marian Lister-Wright is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. Lister-Wright, of 4, Lennox Mansions, Southsea.

Photograph by A. Debenham.



A K.C., M.P., FOR THE WAR: MR. NORMAN CARLYLE CRAIG JOINS THE NAVY.

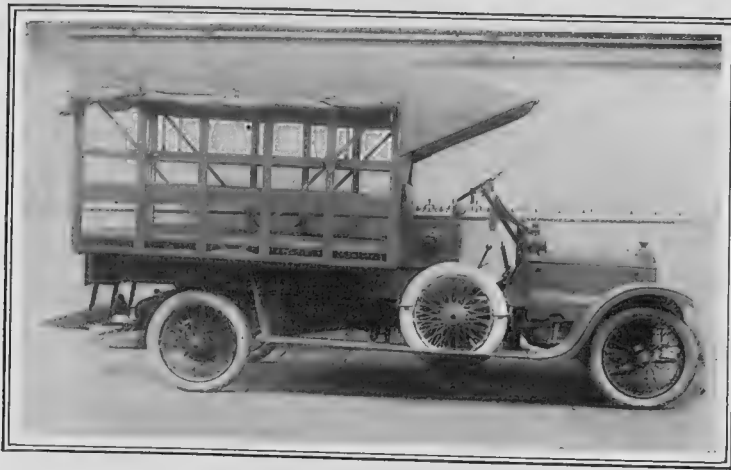
Mr. Norman Carlyle Craig, K.C., Unionist Member for the Isle of Thanet Division of Kent, is a very well-known yachtsman, and has been given a commission in the Royal Naval Reserve.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

## The Gallant Galloper.

Mr. F. E. Smith gets the temporary rank of Major in the Expeditionary Force, on the score, probably, of experience gained in Ireland under the command of Sir Edward Carson. "My right honourable, learned, gallant and galloping friend," was his title in the House at a time



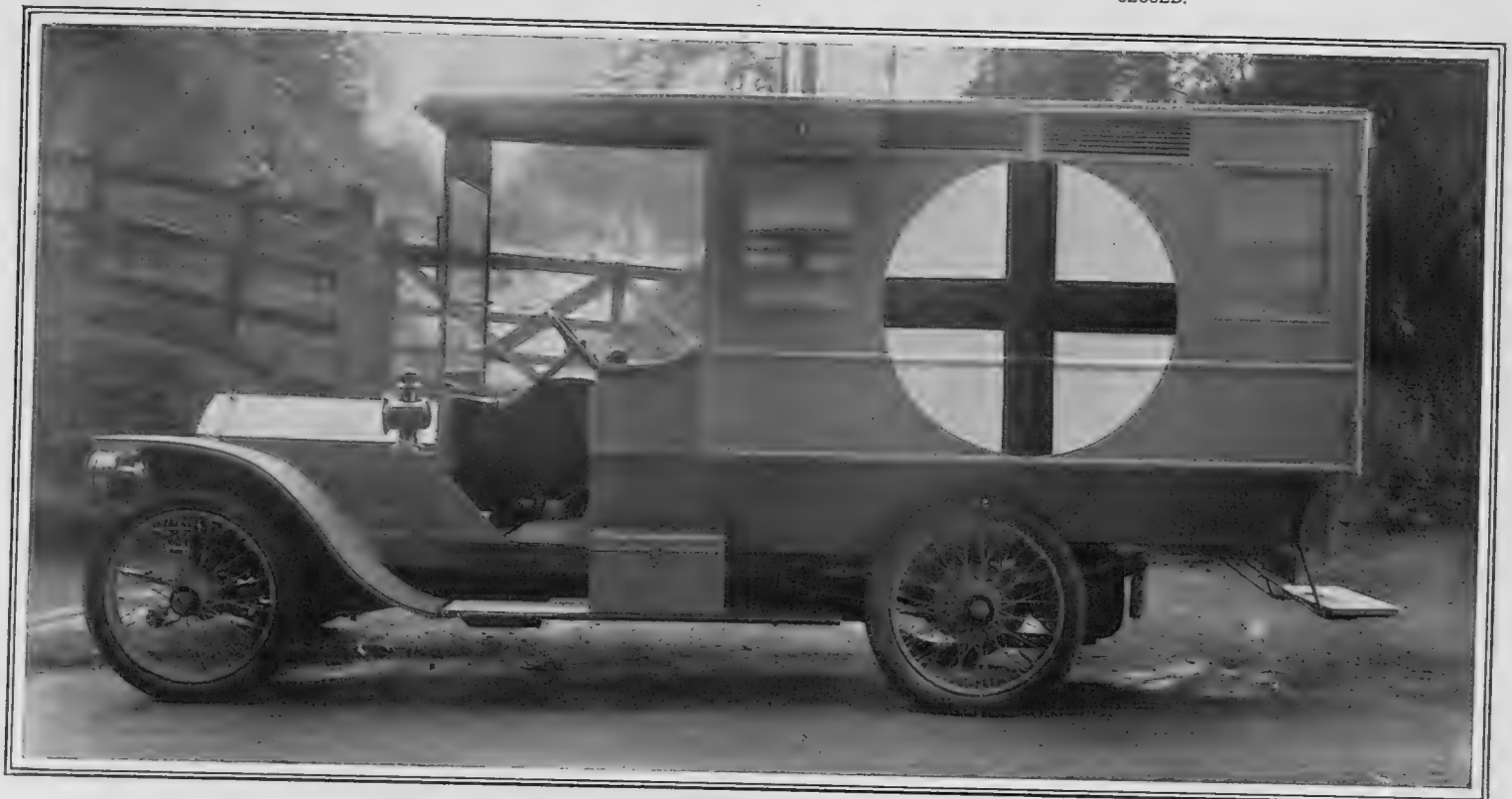
# HOW YOUR CAR MAY BECOME A RED CROSS CAR.



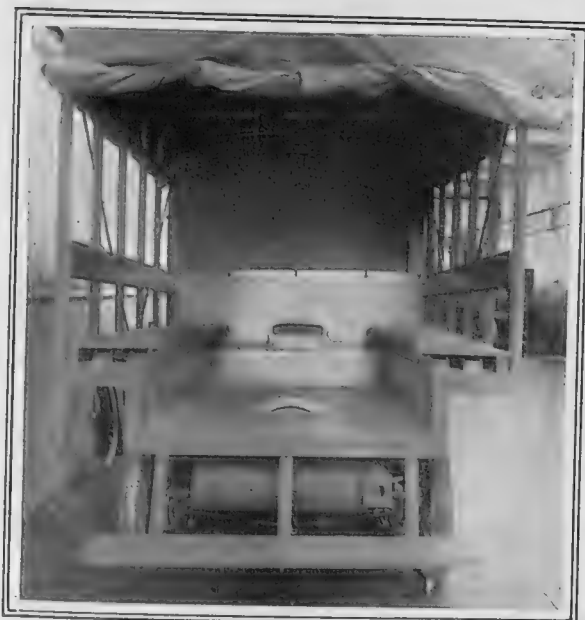
A CAR CHASSIS FITTED WITH A CANVAS-COVERED AMBULANCE BODY—  
OPEN.



A CAR CHASSIS FITTED WITH A CANVAS-COVERED AMBULANCE BODY—  
CLOSED.



WITH A FORM OF BODY WHICH COSTS £75, INSTEAD OF £45: A MOTOR-CAR CHASSIS FITTED WITH A WOODEN BODY FOR RED CROSS PURPOSES.



INSIDE THE CANVAS-COVERED CAR: ROOM FOR TWO  
STRETCHERS, AND SEATS FOR FOUR MEN, AND ATTENDANT.



INSIDE THE WOODEN-COVERED CAR: A VIEW SHOWING PLACES FOR FOUR STRETCHERS,  
AND THE ATTENDANT'S SEAT.

Many motorists are giving or lending high-powered motor-chassis for the purpose of having special ambulance bodies fitted to them for the accommodation of wounded. We illustrate the transformation of a chassis presented to the Headquarters Authorities at Aldershot by Mr. J. R. Coe, of Moor House, Hindhead, the ambulance body having been subscribed for by residents of Hindhead and Haslemere. The cost of building and fitting a body similar to the one in the centre photograph is £75. It has room for four stretchers, and a seat for an attendant. The shelves for the

top stretchers, when not in use, are folded down and, with the cushions, make a comfortable seat on each side for four men able to sit up. The cushions, when all the shelves are being used, are stowed away under the bottom shelf. Messrs. Warren and Co., Ltd., of Wrecclesham, Farnham, Surrey, who built this ambulance body, can build a similar one, but with canvas sides and doors in rear, instead of wood, for £45. The idea is singularly practical and timely, and the example of Mr. Coe, and Hindhead and Haslemere, should be widely followed.





BY general consent it is close-time for house-parties. A few family gatherings, for which a common anxiety is generally responsible, are nearly the only survival of the county and Scottish season. From this rule, however, the bishops are held to be exempt: there is no suspicion of frivolity attaching to week-ends within cathedral precincts or at Farnham Castle, where the Bishop of Winchester and the Hon. Mrs. Talbot have been entertaining Viscount and Viscountess Gladstone and General Sir Neville and Lady Lyttelton. The war, obviously, is full of texts, but the Bishop of Winchester's interest in it is not merely the preacher's. Both he and his wife are very closely concerned with the fortunes of fighters at the front, and his Grace, as a traveller of wide Continental experience, has the map of the European battle-field at his fingers' ends.



TO COMMAND THE INDIAN FIELD AMBULANCE CORPS: COLONEL R. J. BAKER, OF THE INDIAN MEDICAL SERVICE.

Colonel Baker entered the Army in 1881. He has seen much service in India, and will shortly proceed to the front in command of the Indian Field Ambulance Corps, to which, it is expected, will also be attached the Aga Khan, as interpreter.

Photograph by Sarony.

ettes, tobacco, and matches." Thus writes the Earl of Kingston to Lady Kingston at Kilronan Castle. The servant and the kit are lost, and must be dispensed with; more important are the things that can be replaced by postage to the front. It is the same story everywhere; and the matches, let it be remembered, must, for obvious reasons, be safety-matches made in England. But the little irony remains, despite the obvious reasons. The man who is a target for bursting shells and every sort of infernal machine is forbidden to run the risks of wax "strike-anywheres"!

*The New "Beak."* Mr. T. P. O'Connor, writing in an American paper, describes Lord Kitchener's looks as those of his ideal of an Irish



AN M.F.H. ENGAGED: MR. M. C. ALBRIGHT, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS BARBARA STRICKLAND.

South Herefordshire will be interested in the engagement of Mr. Martin Chicheley Albright, M.F.H., of The Kennels, Wormelow, Hereford, son of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Albright, of Bromesbury Place, Ledbury, to Miss Barbara Strickland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Strickland, of Apperley Court, Tewkesbury.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders.

#### Running No Risks.

"I have lost my servant and all my kit; please send me

out some cigarettes, tobacco, and matches." Thus writes the Earl of Kingston to Lady Kingston at Kilronan Castle. The servant and the kit are lost, and must be dispensed with; more important are the things that can be replaced by postage to the front. It is the same story everywhere; and the matches, let it be remembered, must, for obvious reasons, be safety-matches made in England. But the little irony remains, despite the obvious reasons. The man who is a target for bursting shells and every sort of infernal machine is forbidden to run the risks of wax "strike-anywheres"!

Resident Magistrate. Whether this ideal was before Lord Aberdeen when he appointed Mr. Henry Hinkson the Resident Magistrate for County Mayo may be doubtful; but in every other respect the qualifications of the new justiciary are beyond question. A sound lawyer and a writer of books, he has, besides, a good understanding of the people of the Play Boy who lived round about his new home at Castlebar. Unlike Lord Kitchener, he is a husband, and a very proud one, for he married Miss Katharine Tynan, whose poetry captured him while he was still a student of Trinity College, Dublin. Mrs. Hinkson lately went to the United States, with Lady Aberdeen.

*Turning the Tables.* That much-marrying man, the Rev. Eric Hamilton, Curate of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, is now the hero of a matrimonial

arrangement on his own account. He has taken advantage of the interval caused by the dearth of elaborate weddings at St. Peter's to become engaged to Miss Jessie Cassels, youngest daughter of the Hon. Mr. Cassels, the Canadian Judge. Poetic justice, of an entirely agreeable nature, would be done if Mr. Eric Hamilton were to find himself for once on the lay side of the altar-rails at St. Peter's. But this is not to be; he goes to Ottawa for the ceremony.

*The Bullet-Heads.* Now that Gurkhas and Japanese are both fighting under the composite banner of the Allies, it is interesting to note that Sir Ian Hamilton believes them to have much in common as soldiers: "At intervals since 1879 I have fought alongside of Gurkhas—I have had the honour



HELPING THE WOUNDED: THE HON. MRS. CHARLES ROSDEW BURN AND HER DAUGHTER.

The Hon. Mrs. Burn, wife of Colonel Charles Rosdew Burn, Unionist Member of Parliament for the Torquay Division of Devonshire, was, before her marriage, the Hon. Ethel Louise Forbes-Leith, only daughter of the first Baron Leith of Fyvie. She was married to Colonel Rosdew Burn in 1891, and has two sons and one daughter, Miss Lorna Marsalio Burn, who is seen in our photograph, with her mother. Their beautiful home (now fitted for the reception of wounded) is Stoodley Knowle, Torquay, and a number of officers are already there.—[Photograph by Sarony.]

of having them under my command—I have watched them long hours at musketry, when the heart of the soldier very much reveals itself; nor must I forget the sport we have had together. I know the Gurkhas well, and, if so, I know the Japanese soldier also. Lord Roberts had a faithful orderly, a splendid fighting Gurkha, who watched over him jealously from '78 to '81, and is now a respected native officer retired upon his pension. We called him Bullet-head. Behold, in one Japanese regiment, at least a dozen young Bullet-heads, as small as life and quite unmistakable in their resemblance to that splendid old soldier of the Afghan War."

*Two Engagements.* Our own little Colonies, and particularly those inhabited by artists in Kensington and St. John's Wood, seem to grow remote as Nyasaland and Tsing-tau are brought nearer and nearer by the news agencies. But Melbury Road and Greville Road are brought to light again by the announcement of the engagement of Luke Val, eldest son of Sir Luke and Lady Fildes, and Muriel, only child of Sir William and Lady Goscombe John. Both Sir Luke and Sir William are Academicians. Another engagement that has nothing to do with the Academy, but a great deal to do with the Arts, is announced as having been arranged between a son of the late Sir Leslie Stephen and a daughter of Mrs. Bernhard Berenson by her first husband. Sir Leslie Stephen married, first, one of the two daughters of Thackeray, and secondly, Mrs. Duckworth, a daughter of one of the famously beautiful Pattle sisters, painted by Watts. On the other hand, Mr. Bernhard Berenson's name is associated with the discovery of l'Amico di Sandro, and the elucidation of Florentine grace. The engaged young man, Mr. Adrian Stephen, is one of the tallest men in London.



AN INDIAN PRINCE FOR THE FRONT: THE AGA KHAN, WHO MAY ACT AS INTERPRETER WITH THE INDIAN FIELD AMBULANCE CORPS.

The Aga Khan has offered his services as a private with the Indian Contingent, or as interpreter. His Highness is head of the Khoja Mohammedans, his sway extending over fifty millions, in East Africa and Central Asia, as well as India.

Photograph by Sarony.



FROM WESTMINSTER TO THE WAR: CAPTAIN LEOPOLD C. M. S. AMERY, M.P., WHO IS NOW AN INTERPRETER.

The Unionist Member for South Birmingham is a ripe scholar, a Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, and has volunteered as interpreter. He will be given the rank of Captain. He has written on military subjects. Mrs. Amery is a sister of Mr. Hamar Greenwood, Liberal M.P. for Sunderland.

Photograph by Lafayette.



"I REMEMBER THAT IN 1870 —"



PARADING FOR WRITING-TO-THE-PAPERS: A LONDON CLUB IN WAR-TIME.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### The Idealist Russian.

A long acquaintance with Russians, with Russian ideals and with Russian literature, convinces one that the Muscovites belong to the few idealists left on the globe. Their piety, their patience, their heroism, their amazing *camaraderie* among all classes warrant hopes for the formation of an ideal state. They begin happily, because there is little or no class feeling, no snobbishness in Russia. Prince and peasant approach each other quite simply, with an essentially human attitude. Their diffidence, their real kindness, are two of their greatest national assets. The modern German, who is so pleased with himself that he is perpetually telling you that only he is fit to be Master of the World, is in strange contrast to these fiery dreamers. We shall see that, with their burning faith, their modesty, and their ideals, they will prove unconquerable, as indeed they always have been. The doubters and dreamers of Tolstoy and Tourgenieff have become the fighters of 1914. Mr. Maurice Baring and others who know the moujik well tell us that Milton's "Paradise Lost," admirably translated, is universally read among the peasantry. The upper middle-class is progressive to a man, and especially to a woman; the future mothers of Russia are more akin to the intellectually "advanced" women of England than those of any other race. Their feminine aristocracy is the most intelligent and highly accomplished in the world. I once said to a sceptical young American friend: "The world will belong to the tea-drinkers; to the English, the Russians, the Chinese and Japanese." He scoffed at my theory, but before this century is ended it will, in all human probability, be realised.

### Our Belgian Guests.

Talking to all classes of our Belgian guests one is struck—even among peasants who speak only Flemish—with their modesty, reticence, and good manners. They seem a kindly, quiet folk, nor does one hear from their lips any of the furious denunciation of "the Kaiser" which obtains in English suburban villas. It may be observed that rhetoric is loudest the farther away you get from the grim realities of the fighting line. Those who have really seen those realities—as many of these Belgians have—look strangely scared and awed, but you will not easily get them to speak of these high matters. Their gratitude for hospitality is at once dignified and touching. The Belgian women, naturally, are most pleased if you take notice of their blonde, sturdy little children. These small people seem thoroughly happy—as, indeed, they should be—in the various country houses in which I have encountered them. Warmly dressed and abundantly fed, they play about in the woods and grounds, making friends with youthful Britons, and, with the secret masonry of childhood, manage to have games without understanding a word of each other's tongues. These Catholic Flamands have been sent

as guests mostly to houses and villages where there is a Roman Catholic chapel and priest. In the South of England there is an abundance of such places, particularly since the expulsion of the monasteries and convents from France.

### The Boys in Khaki.

Every morning they go past the window, columns of young men in khaki, in trim marching order, the units of Lord Kitchener's new army, fresh, neat, and singing cheerily as they go. Young athletes, many of them, and the class they come from can be

ascertained by the fact that those in mufti walk with bare heads. The "no-hat brigade" has always been drawn from the middle and upper-middle class. The loafer and the tramp invariably wears a dingy cap or battered hat; he does not willingly expose his head to all the winds of heaven. Nor does the workman, and it is a singular fact that in all the marching columns I have seen in London I have never yet seen anyone in corduroy. It would seem as if it were the middle-classes who are going to supply the new army, and if so, we shall have splendid quality. Here are fine, well-set-up young men, healthy, well fed, and accustomed not only to sport and games, but to using their brains and relying on their own responsibility. It will not take long to make fine, upstanding, gallant soldiers of such men.

### Psychology of the War-Fever.

All civilians in the countries at war have long been infected with the war-fever. It manifests itself in divers ways, and there is something disquieting in the thought that we helpless onlookers, for whom lives are being laid down and torrents of blood shed, are living in an unhealthy state of excitement. We are too apt to look on the war as a terrible melodrama, and expect exciting scenes and "curtains" every hour. Our Censorship has wisely refrained from exaggerating victories or inventing them, as the Germans appear to be doing. It will be remembered that Napoleon only took this fatal course when he was beginning to lose in the greatest and most hazardous of all games. "You can't fool all the people all the time," said

the sapient Abraham Lincoln, and the Germans are decidedly too intelligent to be taken in by such tarradiddles much longer. Another symptom of the war-fever is for persons to sit herded in hot drawing-rooms and club smoking-rooms telling each other blood-curdling stories of German atrocities. Many of them are probably true, but one has a feeling that anyone with an hysterical tendency and an uncontrolled imagination can now cheaply earn a social success. Probably real, helpful work is the best antidote for all this perfervid excitement, which leads to nothing but exhausted nerves and insomnia. War should brace, not debilitate us women, as it does our men.



A GROUP OF STRIKING AUTUMN MODELS.

At the top of the sketch is shown a hat of tête-de-nègre velvet, with fantastic burnt ostrich feathers. On the left is a black velvet model with a panache of waving plumes in a tawny yellow shade. The third hat is also of black velvet, with a chic bow of creamy white silk.



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A smart and stylish Cape, made of fine quality Seal Musquash, forming a Jacket in front with wide belt, and square Cape falling at back. High Collar of Skunk, lined with rich Corn-coloured Brocaded Velvet. Price **£35**

A fashionable Fur Coat, in the stylish three-quarter length, made in Natural Musquash, grey shade—good reliable skins—lined throughout with rich coloured Satin. A very comfortable and useful garment. Price **£15**

ALTHOUGH the Country is unfortunately in the throes of a terrible war, we trust we may be favoured with as much support as possible during the existing circumstances to enable us to keep the whole of our staff (not on active service) fully employed during the ensuing Autumn and Winter.

*Illustrated Catalogue*

# 163 & 165 REGENT



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STREET ~ W ~

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Adding to comfort, ensuring economy, creating satisfaction; Wolsey is "a sure shield" against insidious chill and all the mischief that chill may mean.

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CORRESPONDENT  
WRITES—



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(signed) Douglas Story.

Messrs. Mabie, Todd and Co.

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## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

**Flowers and War.** This is the time when we want all the cheering and beautiful things that we can get round us. I heard a poor head of a household complain that his dinner-table was far from cheery now. There were no flowers there, nor did they welcome him in his wife's boudoir, or in the drawing-room. The reason she gave for the lack of these lovely things was economy. Very poor economy; casting a kind of gloom over the spirits of her household, causing growers and florists an undeserved loss, and saving a few shillings—for what? If we could or would only realise that the truly useful economy is self-sacrifice and personal work, not the rob-Peter-to-give-to-Paul sort of thing that is going on so largely just now!

**Evening Gowns.** There are women who like to go about in a spirit of self-inflicted martyrdom. At dinner the other night one of them said that she was not going to have any evening dresses this winter. Her maid, she said, would be furious,

as she would not get the old ones, and, instead, would have to renovate them! Always the sacrifice falls on someone else, not on the would-be martyr. The lady in question has an income of £700 per annum for pin-money, every luxury being provided for her by a wealthy husband. Out of this provision she gave, I understood, fairly liberally to various war funds, but her own income she kept intact. In order to give, she dismissed servants or cut down domestic expenses. She is but an example of many who are bewailing their weary lot this war-time. The smallest sympathy expended upon them is wasted: they make others bear the burdens of which they so loudly complain.

**Plenty of Men.** There are no men to dance with, no men to flirt with, no men to marry—so say the girls with grievances. Never were there so many officers, never were there so many men with leisure for flirtation, never were there more men about for girls to marry. It is all a case of point of view. The smart young Guardsmen with big incomes are not just now available for the pleasures and duties of carpet knights, nor are the officers usually stationed in provincial barracks:

A THREE-QUARTER COAT CUT WITH RAGLAN SLEEVES, A GUARDS' BACK, AND INVERTED PLEAT.

At Messrs. Kenneth Durward's, Ulster House, Conduit Street, W.

they are proving their manhood. There are Territorial officers and officers of the new army who have leisure on their hands that may be lightened by the society of nice girls and by hospitalities of nice people. They may not be men of fashion, and they may not all be rich men, although many of them are. While they are here, the girls have no grievances, nor need they lack dances or flirtations. The patriotic duty of making leisure pleasant to men who have come forward to help the Empire may be made a very agreeable one.

**Military Millinery.** The war influences everything, even what smart women wear on their heads. There is a very distinct military look about the models of hats for the autumn and winter. Many of them are in velours, which is now made in English factories. Some are like the undress Artillery caps on a large scale, and with gold cord to smarten them up. Others have Serbian forage-caps and Russian fur caps for their inspiration. Even our now familiar khaki service cap is adapted into something quite jaunty and feminine. I saw one in natural-grey astrachan, with a gold and crimson cord aigrette and a grey velvet peak made to rest at a pretty angle on a smart coiffure, that promised success. Napoleonic

head-gear also comes into the scheme.

**Mistress Masters.** Women take men's places in so many ways nowadays that one is rather puzzled how to call them. A Chairwoman and a Mistress of Hounds are so far paradoxical that we evade the first by "in the Chair" or "President," but the latter we must leave at "Lady Master." Mrs. Inge has joined the few who are acting this season, and is Master of that celebrated pack, the Atherstone. Lady Lowther will hunt the Pytchley in the absence of her husband, Sir Charles Lowther. The Marchioness of Exeter has more than once acted as Deputy-Master for Lord Exeter, and as he is on military duty with the East Anglian R.F.A., she may do so again. Mrs. Hughes intends showing sport with the Neuaddfawr in Wales; and in Ireland, if she can in any way get a sufficiency of horses, Miss E. C. Somerville intends getting a day or two a week with her Carberry. Men will be missed badly in the hunting-field this winter; women must keep the thing going.

### The Vanished Pictures.

A very select few of our great ladies were admitted to a personal friendship with the Kaiser. To them what he has done is almost unbelievable; they would put the kind construction of irresponsibility on his crime against humanity, only that it presupposes the mental breakdown of so many of those at the head of the German Empire. With the quiet dignity so characteristic of highly placed Englishwomen, they have hidden away portraits personally presented, together with pretty souvenirs sent or given to them on special occasions by the once Imperial friend, now arch-enemy. Having done this, the rest is silence: the Kaiser has eaten their salt. Their sons must kill him if they cannot capture him, should opportunity offer—such is their duty; but for themselves silence is golden.



A FAMOUS CITY COMPANY'S BANQUETING-ROOM AS A HOSPITAL: FISHMONGERS' HALL PREPARED FOR THE RECEPTION OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

The fine hall of the Fishmongers' Company has been fitted up as a hospital for wounded soldiers. It is now divided up into compartments each of which forms a convenient bedroom.

Photograph by Barratt.



POSSESSOR OF A NEW DAUGHTER: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, IN UNDRESS UNIFORM AS FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

This interesting snapshot of the First Lord was taken recently at a certain place where he was engaged upon official duties. It will be noticed that he is in the street with a serviette in his hand. Mr. Churchill, by the way, has just become the father of another daughter, born on the 7th. He now has two daughters and one son.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



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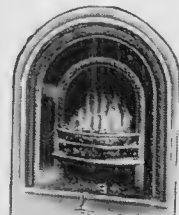
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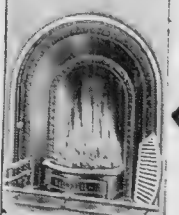
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You probably have an old-fashioned grate  
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the room. Why not convert it into a  
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struction can never be satisfactory. Word "HUE" is cast on every genuine stove.





## A CENSUS OF WHEELS: TARGETS IN THE AIR: THE LOYALTY OF MOTORISTS.

London  
"As Usual."

Severe as may have been the dislocation which the war has brought about in individual cases, it has been made clear that the bulk of London traffic shows no diminution whatsoever—in fact, the contrary—and that the Metropolis, at all events, is carrying on "as usual." Many people, no doubt, in view of the comparative quietude of the streets at night, may have omitted to remember that that is mainly due to the reduction in theatre-going, and failed to realise that, during business hours, London is still very much alive. At any rate, an ounce of fact is worth a ton of argument, and the result of a census undertaken on behalf of *Motor Traction*, some six weeks after the war had broken out, displays in no uncertain manner the way in which the inhabitants of London are wending their busy ways.

An Instructive  
Census.

The figures were compiled in the Edgware Road between the hours of 9 a.m. and 6 p.m., during which period 2633 motor-buses were driven by, as compared with 2324 twelve months ago. Of horsed buses, by the way, only one solitary example remained. Motor-cabs showed a decrease of 8 per cent., and horsed cabs fell from 99 to 57, but 747 private cars were counted, as compared with 631 in 1913. The total number of passenger-vehicles of all kinds was 4735, of which over 95 per cent. were motor-driven; while the gross number was the largest that has yet been obtained in the annual traffic census at this spot. As for commercial vehicles, the number of motor-vans has risen from 352 to 416, but there is a drop in horsed vans of about 350; the total decline in trade activity, however, did not amount to more than 6 per cent. As for cycle traffic, the number of motor-carriers employed was shown to be substantially increased; while motor-cycles and pedal-cycles were as numerous as ever. The total number of motor-vehicles increased by more than 300, but the horsed traffic decreased by about 500. It may be reasonably inferred, therefore, that the only apparent loss in activity is that which is due to the requisition of horses for Army purposes, and that the business life of the community is proceeding, for the most part, in a normal and healthy manner.

An Undeserved  
Slur.

It is somewhat difficult to appreciate the mental attitude of a daily paper correspondent who made a slighting reference to motorists on the subject of the lack of ambulances. It had been reported only the day before that "motors and pyjamas summed up the two crying needs of the English Red Cross in Paris," upon which the individual concerned drew an uncalled-for comparison between the position in question and the number of motorists using their cars in England. A more unworthy taunt could hardly be conceived. There is not a single section of the community that has

been more prompt in the expression and fulfilment of its desire to help than the motoring ranks. They have volunteered their cars in tens of thousands, and to a degree, indeed, which proved to be immeasurably over and above the requirements of the case; as a matter of fact, their zeal was swamped at a very early date by the obvious lack of opportunity for its exercise. They did yeoman service for the Army wherever it was asked, and have been ready in legions to do more if fresh opportunities should arise.

Willing to Help.

As for the particular question of motor-ambulances, motorists have given or equipped numbers of these, and would have done much more had they had any idea that the debt was still undischarged. Apparently the societies concerned, however, in the organisation of ambulance equipments have chosen to make their own estimates, and have deferred their public appeal until too late, our wounded soldiers meanwhile suffering accordingly. How could motorists be expected to know that the supply was short, either in Paris or anywhere else?—and why should they be publicly reproached the moment the lack is stated, before even being given a chance of rendering voluntary assistance? If, when the war broke out, the authorities concerned had rated their requirements sufficiently high and asked for help forthwith, instead of waiting for over two months, the motor-ambulances would ere now have been forthcoming.

Dunlops for 1915.

Motorists remain on the look-out for whatever is new, even though the shows have been abandoned for the present. The Dunlop Rubber Company has announced its programme for the coming year, and a leading item is the introduction of a rubber-studded tyre for light cars. Rubber-studded treads have given excellent results in the case of motor-cycles, and the benefit is now to be extended to 700 mm. by 80 mm. and 700 mm. by 85 mm. sizes, in addition to the ordinary types of tread. "Over-size" tyres will be supplied in the 815 mm. by 120 mm. size to fit the 105 mm. rim, and in the 820 mm. by 135 mm. for the 120 mm. rim. The Company has introduced a superior form of inter-liner, the purpose of which is to afford a means of finishing old covers which have passed the re-treading stage, thus tending to safety and economy alike. Users of this handy device, however, must remember that it is necessary to fit it in conjunction with a tube one size smaller than usual; this, of course, can be removed when the cover is finished, and can be held in reserve until the next cover is ripe for fitting with a liner. Important developments, it should be added, have taken place at the Dunlop works in respect of the research and experimental work; while the mills themselves have been extended.



FIRE ON THESE! GERMAN AEROPLANES AND A ZEPPELIN—A FRENCH OFFICIAL DIAGRAM.

This illustrated diagram was issued by the French Army authorities for the guidance of the troops. It shows different types of German military air-craft—the Taube, Rumpler, and Gotha monoplanes, the Albatross biplane, and a Zeppelin.

Photograph by C.N.



BIRDS OF ILL-OMEN: HOW TO RECOGNISE GERMAN AEROPLANES—A BELGIAN "BILL."

The above is an illustrated notice issued by the Belgian Ministry of War. On the left are shown German biplanes, and on the right monoplanes. The wings of the biplanes, says an explanatory note, are slightly tilted back, instead of being all in a straight line, while the monoplane wings are easily recognisable as resembling those of pigeons. French monoplanes, on the other hand, have absolutely rectangular wings.



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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

MR. COLEBY'S play is almost brilliant—perhaps altogether quite brilliant so far as the first act is concerned, at the end of which the old hand asked himself distrustfully, "Can he keep it up?"—and he could not quite. The dialogue remained consistently funny, but the intrigue failed to make progress or the characters to show development—indeed, the people of the piece, whilst exhibiting clever touches of life, refused to live. Yet we may well be grateful for the amusing light comedy, irreproachable in taste. The author has shown great skill in fitting Miss Mary Moore with a part which enables her to repeat triumphantly the successes of her later period. For some years to come stage figures such as Lady Vyse will be classified as Mary Moore parts. The actual hit of the evening was Miss Hemingway, irresistible as a charming and unscrupulous young lady; and praise is due to Miss Dorothy Bell for clever work as a self-willed young woman. "Fat" parts were given to Mr. Eric Lewis and Mr. Sam Sothorn, to which they did full justice. The greatest merriment of the evening came from the richly humorous performance of Mr. Edward Rigby as a comic philosophising gardener. Taking all matters into account, the new play at the Criterion seems likely to win as well as to deserve success.

"The Sphinx" is one of the queer pieces, not without ability, numerous since the modern woman's movement, in which the villainess of husbands is demonstrated. We may even be grateful that we men are shown to be capable of becoming virtuous—when paralysed: not a very brilliant kind of virtue. Miss Janette Steer's husband figure is a dreadful fellow who drinks champagne before breakfast, and for his "brekker" takes kidneys and cognac; also, he kisses every good-looking woman that's willing; worse still, he is brutal to women, and mean in money matters. Yet he is hardly as unlovable as the long-winded heroine who jaws and jaws and jaws about art and life's mission and self-sacrifice and the inferiority of man. The work is clever in patches, but sometimes dull, and occasionally ridiculous. It shows more talent than is to be found in most of the plays on the topic, but not enough to bring a crowd to the Court Theatre. Miss Janette Steer as actress hardly did justice to her heroine, being monotonous and unimpressive. Mr. Langhorne Burton played very well as the husband; and Miss Barbara Everest acted admirably as a poor girl who came to grief.

"General John Regan" was presented at the Coronet Theatre by Mr. Leonard Boyne and a good company, and greatly amused the West-Enders. Mr. Boyne's company gives more of the Irish

note to Mr. "Birmingham's" comedy than it had at the Apollo, and thereby makes it much funnier than on the original run, when it was rather a hybrid show. Mr. Boyne himself gives a brilliant piece of acting as the very imaginative doctor, Lucius O'Grady; and his old part of the landlord Doyle is cleverly played by Sir Valentine Grace. Mr. W. H. Rotherham presents the parish priest with a great deal of quiet humour. The audience was much amused by Miss Violet Miller as a laconic, slipshod Mary Ellen, and by Mr. Braithwaite in the character of the fiery journalist.

A NEW NOVEL.

"The Fire of Spring."

By ETHEL BOILEAU.  
(Evelyn Nash.)

Miss Boileau had given her story another name, "The Garden of Dreams," which still heads her pages, but the fact that the title had been bagged by a previous writer compelled her to the change on the cover. From her point of view it is to be regretted, for her hero is one of those strong, self-sufficing souls by whom woman may be worn as an ornament, never carried as an amulet, yet sufficiently bowled over by one—the heroine, of course—to make his dying phrase allusive to the enchanted garden, the garden of dreams, or the garden of the artist's house in Tangier rented for their escapade—which you will—where their love found a fitting stage background. "The enchanted garden," whispered Ian Mackenzie—and with that he died." The lady of his affections, unhappily married to the ne'er-do-weel of an historic house, on receiving the news, spent some hours agonising in the private chapel of her husband's family, a spot ancient as the Round Table and hung with impressive relics; she turned at the call of her little son, to notice that his eyes were the eyes of her lover. Which thing was a miracle—due, perhaps, to the relics—for he had been born before the meeting with the hero. To speak truth, in spite of much impassioned writing, the love-story leaves a cold, detached reader at its tragic close. It is artificial—the scenery, the staging, and the emotion; no one is so like himself or herself as to be a portrait. The story does not aim at giving portraits indeed, or realising the complex, ever-absorbing drama that lies in social groups all around us, but in evoking one or two passionate scenes, where the passion shall grow in intensity because it is illicit, with impressive settings—the ancient country mansion, or the enchanted, exotic garden of Tangier. It takes a strong digestion, this manner of fiction. Romance is sweet, and so is honey, but honey does need a foundation of good brown bread.

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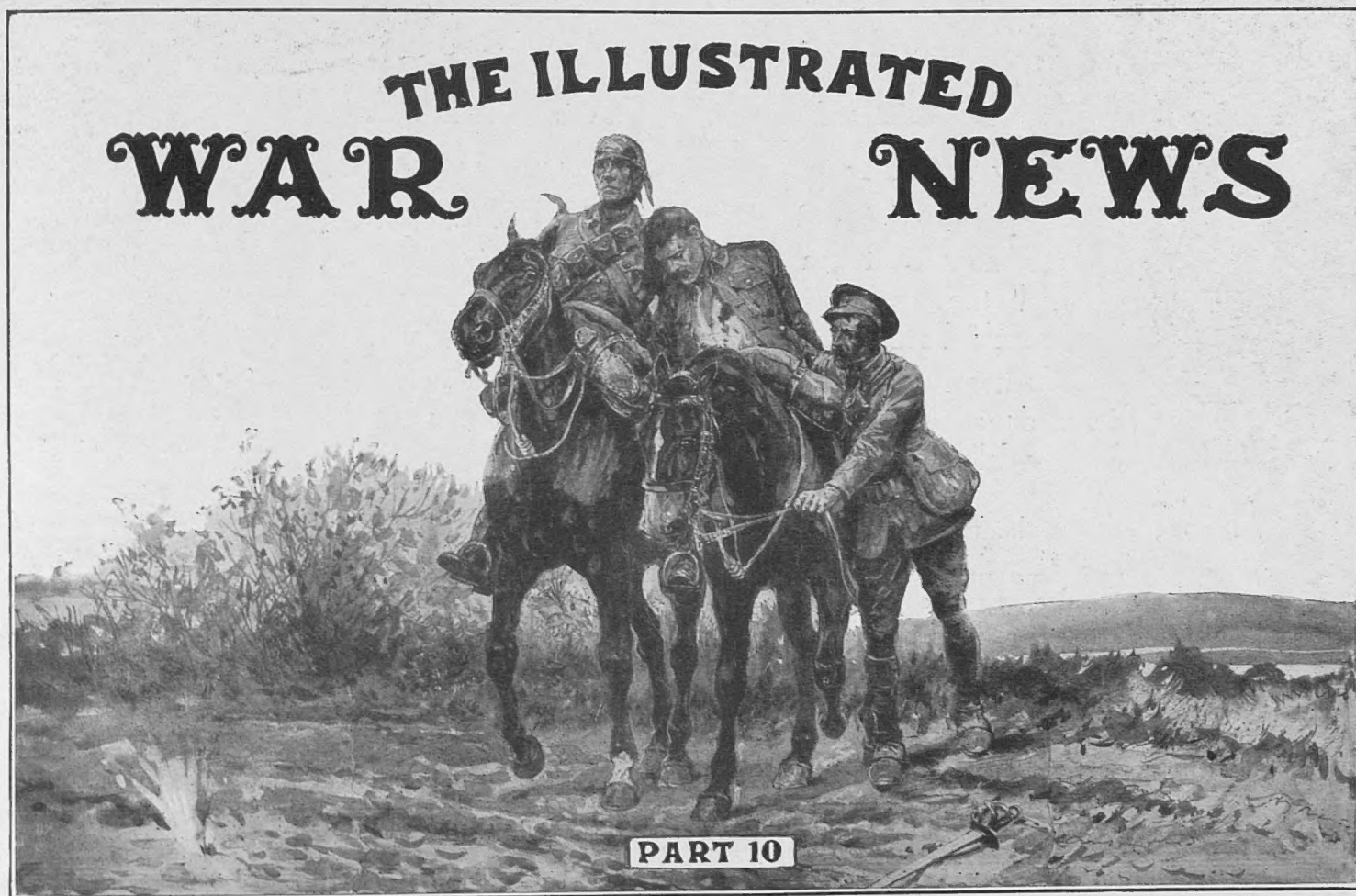
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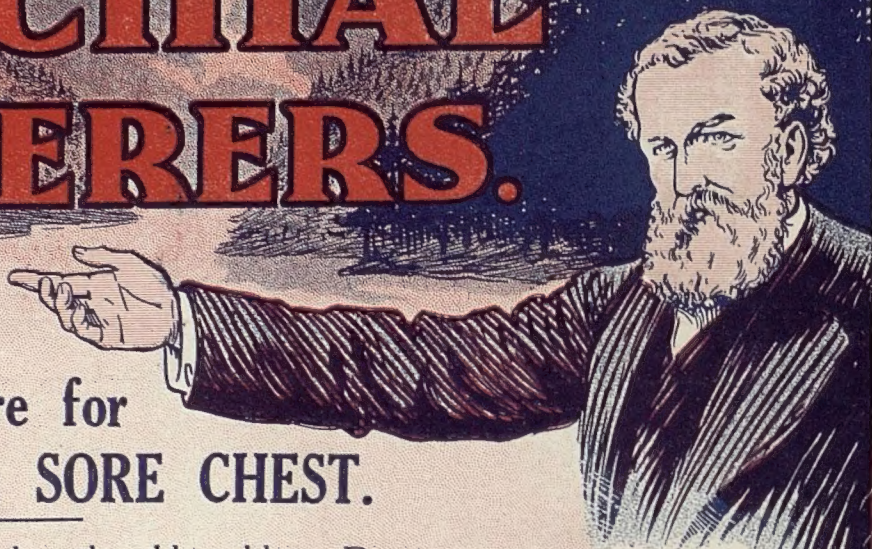
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